

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



"For a world united in prayer"

*O Lord,
Thy holy and pure name illumines us
And dispels our ignorance.
Thou art our only shelter—
We take refuge in Thee,
We take refuge in Thee.*

—Old Hindu Chant

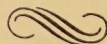
OUR PURPOSE

To promote the practice of prayer among *ALL* religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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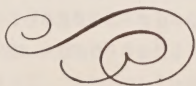
THE POWER OF RELIGION

I BELIEVE there can be no satisfying religious experience unless it is joined with God's creative energy and interpenetrated with eternal significance. We all must get something of His power and eternality into our lives, into our work, into our art, into our poetry and above all into our religion. But it is not just an "other worldly" focus of attention which is to be our concern. It is rather a striving for an insight, a vision, a faith which reaches through the material and which enables us to live here and now in the power and dominion of eternal realities, no less real than the things we see and handle.

Nowhere do the creative forces of the universe more fully reveal their power than in the soul of the man who can say: "Nothing exterior shall ever be allowed to take complete control over me." Before a Gandhi even a mighty empire stood confounded. This spiritual might is no accident. It is built up by a continuous process of self-discipline of right desires and by subordinating the self and exalting the commonweal. It is attainable in varying degrees to each of us when we meet its requirements. In a world of chaos we can establish in our souls a citadel that is impregnable to the outside forces that thunder against it, and venture forth with high vision and holy purpose to make life rich and whole.

It is not too important if we are unable to formulate, in a satisfactory way, our feeling about religion. Our creed may be very uncertain but our sense of the divine significance of life can be very sure. We may be quite unable to make up our minds about God's being personal or impersonal, but we can be wonderfully aware of God as a healing light and a companioning presence, giving us energy, courage and restfulness at the heart of our tumultuous activities..

— Albert V. Danielsen



THE TIDES OF SPIRITUAL LIFE

"The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." - St. Paul

All of us recognize that this is a universe of law, of action and reaction, of cyclical rhythms operating endlessly. In the natural world we are ready enough to admit this: we note the oscillation of the tides, the moon's phases, the procession of the seasons, the movement of the stars. But we are prone to forget that as individuals we too are part of the universe and that our lives are influenced by the same forces that govern the rhythm of tides and seasons.

Perhaps we admit to the moral law: we can recognize that a man will reap, sooner or later, in this life or (as many believe) in some other, what he has sown; that a good action brings its blessing and a bad action its appropriate result; that the way of the transgressor is hard and of the upright man, peace. Still almost all of us, until we have suffered much, mistakenly believe that the entrance upon the spiritual life, the life of regeneration and self-transcendence, somehow frees us from these cyclical influences. Consequently when they move in upon us and catch us unprepared, we are often frightened and dismayed. For a time confusion overwhelms us.

Then it passes, we know peace again and go forward, often forgetting the lesson we have learned, until the next time. So it goes, on and on, until gradually we learn something of this law of action and reaction operating in our spiritual lives as inexorably as in the natural world.

We see, for example, that every challenge we confront and overcome, every crisis we master, every impulse of failure and depression we fight successfully, brings an inevitable reaction, usually coming in the form of carelessness on our part, or forgetfulness, and a return to the universal feeling that once we are happy again we will continue to remain that way. This is a delusion of the

mind that has to be rooted out. We are not in the spiritual life to be happy but to evolve and become perfect. Happiness no doubt comes to us for long stretches, but the real abiding happiness can only come after we have experienced the bliss of God-realization. Until then we remain vulnerable to the laws of action and reaction and to the cyclical, spiral-like evolution of our spiritual life as we combat the attempt of our old tendencies, entrenched deep in our minds, to continue to manifest themselves.

The weather of our lives is much like Nature's weather: it seems to come and go of its own bidding, while we stand aside as witnesses to its changes. Often our joys and depressions have nothing to do with us ourselves: they seem independent of our own wills and desires. This is really because our minds, like our bodies, are parts of Nature and respond to the same influences as any other objects in the natural world. If we can accept this, we can gain serenity and poise, and some measure of detachment, as we see the constantly changing weather of our minds coming and going. In the midst of joy we will not expect our happiness to last forever, any more than sunny days last forever; and we will also remember that our depressions, like overcast days, are only transient things and must in time give way to brighter periods.

Linked with this is the mysterious force of opposition and resistance in the world that meets us at every step in the spiritual life--in the spiritual life most of all. So confounding and insidious is this spirit of perversity, of confusion, that pervades all of life that every religion (except Hinduism) has interpreted it as the work of a Devil. Indeed, this universal spirit of evil at times seems to have a personal aspect and so, until this century, it has been mostly regarded. But there are other insights that must guide us now...

All men are one, bound by invisible chords of mind and spirit. What happens to one happens, in reality, to all. Transcending and interpenetrating all is the mind of God. Therefore when one soul advances toward its goal of self-realization and perfection, all other souls, those tend-

ing upward and those falling back, are aware of its progress and meet it significantly along the way, sometimes as helpmates, sometimes as obstacles: as powers for good or for evil. All of this seems to be God's plan for perfecting each one of us. There is nothing diabolic about it, though at times it appears to wear that guise.

This force of opposition and resistance is felt most strongly during periods of positive spiritual progress and appears whether the organism is an individual's or an organization's. It is perceived, of course, most strikingly in the life of the individual. But every organization motivated by a noble purpose will inevitably find in its midst some manifestation of this spirit of perversity, embodied in individuals who will, wittingly or unwittingly, operate as its instruments in an attempt to deflect the movement from its original purpose. It comes to sow doubt and confusion about some course of action, some critical decision, just when the organization (or the individual) has reached the peak of its progress, at the very moment of greatest potential achievement. Recognizing this force for what it is tends to immobilize it and the persons who are its instruments.

Still, it is unavoidable and integral to life itself. It is like a shadow trailing us as we move on. If we realize that it exists and understand its character we can neutralize it and diminish its sway over us. And actually its character is basically helpful, for it offers us tests and challenges that compel us to assert our real power and strength. Without its presence in our lives we would tend to become complacent and lethargic and rest on our laurels, losing our drive toward the Supreme Goal.

Even so, it does not hound us steadily—here we see God's mercy and justice at work. If it did, we might become demoralized. It only presses upon us just enough to challenge our faith in our own strength and rightness of purpose. Then it fades for a time, returning later when we have reached a little higher level. And so it goes on. It continues to the end.



PRAYER IN MY GARDEN

Mildred Long

MY GARDEN HELPS me pray. It reveals to me many secrets about life, food, growth, beauty. As spring and summer approach and the balmy air beckons me outside, I turn again to the planting of seeds and hoping for a flower garden. This hope is perennial in my heart. So is the desire for spiritual growth.

Last year I planted some flower seeds with utmost care. I watered them faithfully, so I thought. Not one came up. I'm still wondering about it. Sometimes it is so with my prayers too.

With these thoughts to start me off, I am down on my knees on the warm soil with hoe and trowel, watering pot and seeds within easy reach. I want success this time. First, I loosen up the soil and get out all the weeds and stones. Preparation of soil is important, they say. Preparation of soul must be important too.

Of course the weeds compare to sins. There aren't many weeds here—just little ones—maybe irritation and haste and impatience. And here are a few stones too large for this soil—like an occasional blockage of fear or anger. Better dig

a little deeper and be sure. Oh, here is a big one I did not see before, right where it would completely obstruct a tender root. Do you mean I have to *forgive* that person everything, regardless? *"If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift...go and be reconciled...For if ye forgive not men...neither will your Father forgive you..."* I wonder if that's it. I did not know I had been hiding unforgiveness in my heart. That has to go out. Out it goes with this big stone.

There's another big stone. That's my lack of humility. I see it now. Funny, how it seems to be written all over the face of that stone. It is a good thing for me to get down on my knees on mother earth. It seems to make a connection between me and God. Makes it easier for God to get some ideas over to me. Well, I don't find any more big stones—but that one is enough. There are smaller ones. Looks as if I needed spade work in my heart. Spring is a good time. I will begin today.

Now the soil must be fed—good concentrated food. How much time have you been spending eating the good concentrated bread of Life in the Word? But I do read something good daily. Yes, but the real Bread of Life. Do you feed on Him? Father, forgive me, I must confess—not enough. Spring is a glorious time to begin to eat more Food.

Now the seeds. Gently, tenderly scatter them in the furrow and cover them carefully. Seeds—what will they be when they blossom? The seed packets say: Snapdragons, Asters, various colors. That's what I'll expect. When I plant prayers, what do I expect? Is my seed related to the answer? Is it definite, explicit, or general, just any flower? Now, I hadn't thought of it just that way before. Perhaps I haven't been praying for specific things. And perhaps I haven't been expecting a specific answer. *"According to your faith, so be it unto you."*

The seed is my desire—a specific desire—not just, "Lord, anything that is good." but rather, "Lord, strength for today, patience for the trial, endurance for the strain, health for my tasks." Those are specific needs. The answers are specific. "As thy day, so shall

thy strength be." "He will not suffer you to be tested above what ye are able." "Come unto me and I will give you rest." "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." Specific needs, planted in faith, specific answers promised. *"Thank You, Father,"*

And now the daily watering and care. But I have to wait three weeks before I know whether anything is going on down there under the top soil. When I was a little girl I tried to dig in and see. But soon I was taught that would spoil whatever growth had started. So now I just wait. Wait: Now, that's another idea. Wait. Just wait and don't worry. Believe. Do I do that with my prayers? Do I trust those seeds to the Divine Plan of growth and maturing, time and experience, completion and fulfillment? Well, I'd better learn to do just that. Patience does not flower over night. There may be winds and blizzards, cloudy days and rain before my seed grows even enough to be seen above ground. "A thousand years in Thy sight are but yesterday when it is past." "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

My knees are weary from this kneeling, but oh, how

refreshed my mind is, how it to eat of the Bread of
encouraged my heart! I will Life and to drink of the Water
go into the house and while of Life, and rest it in His
I rest my knees I will with everlasting Love and peren-
gladness feed my soul, give nial forgiveness.

ABIDE WITH ME

*Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!*

*I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!*

*I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.*

*Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee:*

In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

—Henry Francis Lyte



LETTER FROM THE NORTH

(A letter we recently received describes a moving experience which we would like to share with our readers. We have the author's permission to print the following excerpts.)

"Up here in the North, beside the road, the ferns uncurl. The stillness of this wooded hill always astonishes me after the city; it is beautiful to hear.

"I feel a great peace in this blessed lull. I have tried to control the elation which I sensed as unreal as the despair and in the open, empty quietness that followed I found I did not even need to pray; I spoke to God from a center that was within myself and yet was not myself. As the world slowly lightened in a quiet dawn, a soft and radiant and suffusing light seemed to be all around me and I, who have always been either torn by tears or buffeted by laughter, found a peace I cannot adequately describe. I wanted to cry out, 'I see, I see', but I did not need to. It was heard before it was thought and such love, such peace, such strength flowed through me that I knew it was a sign that I had been truly blessed, that in the darkness that may follow I will always, perhaps sometimes dimly, know that there is a Power that loves me and will never leave me and will help me if I ask... In this moment I realized I didn't need to fight any more, only to surrender, to wait, to accept, to believe.

"How poor and inadequate words seem—they will not flow enough to truly communicate this experience to you. Alone in the stillness of the night, I am no longer lonely. My heart is full of humble gratitude for this Grace...

"It is hard to believe that this great light will fade, but when I say that 'I see' what I do see is the way ahead, the direction, and the discipline which must be used to draw closer and nearer to this love and light I see now I have always wanted. Right now I can embrace, with little pain and no pity, the suffering and darkness and fears of many years and hopefully can meet them again, if it is necessary, for this sight of some great Good that gives such radiant, blessed peace and freedom..."

—Eleanor Stark

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

Swami Ritajananda

ON THE DAY of the full moon, in the month of May, millions of people observed the thrice blessed day: the day of his birth, the day of his enlightenment, and the day of his leaving the world, of Gautama Buddha. Many paid homage to him even though they were not adherents of the religion that goes under his name, pointing out that he was one of the great personalities whose influence on the world is ever bright. His way of looking at life, its problems and difficulties, has its place in the cultural history of the world. He seems to be the earliest prophet who gave people a religion without any importance given to supernatural influence. Man is responsible for his present sad plight and he can overcome his suffering also by his own actions. According to him, religion lies not in the acceptance of a creed or even a saviour, but in one's self-effort to develop a new outlook on life. His ethical idealism, rational outlook and altruistic love have a universal appeal, so that it is no wonder people are drawn toward this great soul who lived more than two thousand years ago.

He was born in the year 563 B.C., the son of a king of a small state in the foothills of the Himalayas, in India. A soothsayer who saw the child predicted that he would either become a great emperor or, if he chose the life of renunciation, a man of enlightenment. Like all affectionate parents, his father brought him up in comfort and luxury without allowing him to see any kind of suffering, so that he would not leave the home. For twenty-eight years this young prince, Siddhartha, as was then called, had all the pleasures of life, a young wife and a son.

Then one day he happened to see in the streets a sick man, then a few days later an old man and some days after that a dead body. He had never seen any of these sights before, and they disturbed him profoundly. It slowly dawned on him that in spite of all the joys and comforts one may have there is an inevitable suffering. This can come to some people much later than others but none can escape. Worldly happiness is only on the surface, while there is a constant stream of unhappiness flowing under-

neath. The suffering a human being undergoes may vary only in degree and all the meriments we may have cannot eradicate this one problem of life.

The solution of this great problem of human suffering became vitally important to him. A few days later he happened to see a wandering monk and then he thought that he could not get the solution by staying within the comfortable palace, but he should go out, seek help from teachers if possible, and go through various disciplines of both body and mind if necessary. So one night when the entire household was asleep, Siddhartha, seeking the good of the world, left his kith and kin, those who were very dear to him.

He sought teachers and followed them diligently. They taught him scriptures and the art of contemplation and some encouraged him to ascetic practices. This continued for seven years. The metaphysical studies were dry and the ascetic practices made him so emaciated and weak that he was close to the doors of death. One day, after he had fainted due to his shattered condition of health, he felt that these were not the methods that would help him and so he

left to find out the way all by himself.

The seven years of his search, although they did not give him what he wanted, made him aware of the condition of people in the outside world. He saw that the traditional religious observances, the ascetic practices, and metaphysics of the Upanishads were not for the masses. He was fatigued from walking and felt sad that he had not found a means for helping the world. One day he reached Gaya in the plains of Bihar and sat down under a tree with a determination not to get up until he had found the solution he was seeking. It was indeed a memorable event, for Gautama during that night attained the state of Nirvana, or Enlightenment. Biographers give us a detailed account of the experiences he had during that night, before he came out as the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

Since Nirvana is a super-conscious experience, all the descriptions leave us with a number of conjectures as to what Buddha experienced. Undoubtedly it was a profound experience, for Buddha came out convinced that one can really attain a state wherein there is no experience of suffering. In the Upanishads

we read that when a person realizes the Ultimate Truth, 'the bonds of the heart are cut, all doubts disappear and the effects of all his past actions are destroyed'. Buddha had no more doubts and he had no questions to be answered. A serene radiance came over his face and an indescribable majesty showed itself in all his movements. The wandering beggar prince had entered into contemplation and emerged as a divine messenger with a message simple in its form but deep in its wisdom.

His own description of Nirvana is that it is that by which one overcomes all suffering. Nirvana is the goal of life. According to Buddha, man suffers on account of the triple fires of anger, lust and illusion. When all these fires are allowed to extinguish, Nirvana will be attained. One has to get rid of all worldly desires to experience that which is beyond the world. These desires cling to the self, which itself is an illusion and in the high state of knowledge one goes beyond all sense of individuality. In that state one is beyond all dualities like attachment and aversion, love and hate, etc. So by that experience Buddha came out as the

enlightened man who could boldly proclaim to the world a way of life. His ideal was closely related to the everyday life of all and at the same time promised the highest state which any religion can offer.

We are told that Buddha started on this mission when he was only thirty-five years old and he kept himself busy helping people, wandering all over India, until he was eighty, when he left the world. It was the love of the world that made him leave his home and it was that same love which made him work even after Nirvana. He gave up all personal comforts and joys and took the austere life of a wandering monk.

Sometimes people wondered how he endured all this. One day a young man, curious to know how Buddha felt about his life, asked, "Master, does the Exalted One live happily?"

The Master replied, "It is so, young man. I live happily. Of those who live happily in this world, I am also one."

The young man said, "Cold, Master, is the winter night. The frost is coming. Rough is the ground trodden by the hoofs of cattle. The couch of yours is made up of leaves. Light is the yellow robe of

the monk, sharp the cutting wind."

The Lord majestically replied, "It is so, young man. I live happily. Of those who live happily, I am also one."

Physical hardships are painful to one who loves his body and identifies with it. But for one who has attained the Supreme knowledge the discomforts of the body do not in any way influence his happiness.

In the Yoga aphorisms of Patanjali, we read, "Non-killing being established, in his presence all enmities cease." To be absolutely non-violent is considered by all great religions as a great virtue. This ideal has been preached by prophet after prophet. Even in modern times when violence seems to have the upper hand, Mahatma Gandhi tried it in attaining the freedom of India and showed that it indeed has a power. In the life of Buddha this was the one ideal he emphasized. It was not only by his words but in his actions that he demonstrated to the world how the aphorism above quoted is true.

One day in the course of his wanderings he reached a forest where lived a notorious bandit, whose cruelty ran beyond highway robbery; he would cut off the fingers of

his victims and make them into a garland. He was powerful in his territory and none could seize him. When Buddha heard about him, it was his desire to meet him in spite of the warnings of his disciples. When the Lord stood in front of the bandit with perfect calmness and answered his questions fearlessly, with extraordinary self-possession, the robber found out that man can seek and gain something far superior to all worldly riches. All his violent tendencies disappeared and he fell at Buddha's feet and became his disciple.

It is very interesting to note here, that all through his life there is not a single incident mentioned where Buddha lost his temper or behaved peevishly. He did not use a harsh word, even when he was intensely provoked by foolish people. His remarks to them were often preceded by words like, 'You witless one,' 'Perverted of understanding', or 'You foolish one'. Compassion was his watchword and serving the world was his ideal. Soon after his first sermon at Benaras he told his disciples to go out in the world and guide the people. Their lives were to be dedicated 'for the welfare of the many, for the good of the many'. This was to be done not with the ex-

pectation of any reward, here or in the other world, but out of love.

His way of presentation of the idealistic life so appealed to people that he attracted thousands from every walk of life. Ruling princes, scholarly brahmins, peasants and workers in various trades, queens and courtesans, all came to him for guidance. He made no distinction among these people and they were all treated with uniform affection, whatever might have been their past lives. He never depended on a scripture but spoke to them in their own language, simple and direct. Even when his life was ebbing and he was violently sick, he insisted on seeing a man, Subhadra by name, who had come a great distance for help and guidance.

To think of the life and teachings of this great personality is indeed a great privilege to all, even though we may not be able to agree with all the ideas he preached. His silence about God and the life after death may not be acceptable to those whose traditions are different, and even the life of re-

nunciation may not be considered as the one means of attaining perfection. But yet there are so many wonderful qualities that make the Enlightened One shine with eternal brilliance. He dealt with the vital problems of humanity which are problems even to us in the twentieth century, when we now and then think of the great progress we have made. We no doubt have made many gadgets, discovered cures for many diseases and made life comfortable. But the frustrations and mental disturbances which our world has brought in seem to outweigh all the good we have done by our discoveries. We have not yet eliminated suffering, even though it is an ancient problem.

In these days when there is not much faith in a supernatural power, when people prefer rational inquiry to faith and regard an ethical life as superior to sects and creeds, when people believe that peace in the world can be established by change of heart, and love, we have to consider that Gautama Buddha was the first one who showed us a path.

All people have immortal souls and we are morally obliged to help one another gain eternal life.

—Joseph P. Higginbotham

LOVE, OUR REFUGE

Ethel Delilah Purdy

(This article illustrates some fundamental aspects of the Christian Science religion, founded in 1866 by Mary Baker Eddy. It is reprinted from the January 1961 issue of the Christian Science JOURNAL.)

We are told in Psalms that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (46:1). How comforting are those words to all who seek God's loving, constant help for the solution to their problems!

How inspiring is the thought that "God is our refuge"! The Bible refers in several places to God as a refuge; and a dictionary defines "refuge" as "that which, or one who, shelters or protects from danger, distress, calamity." How greatly the world today needs to know that God shelters and protects and that the only safe place is beneath His wing! To this sanctuary or retreat, we can flee from the aggressive suggestions or false claims of evil, manifested in human experience as violence, disaster, discord, and disease.

True refuge is never a geographical location or a material habitation but, as Christian Science reveals, is mental and spiritual, the consciousness of divine Love's everpresence. A func-

tion of God as Love is to protect, defend, and lovingly care for His creation. And this He does throughout eternity.

Armed with the spiritual understanding of God, Spirit, Good, as the only creator of man and the universe, and of man as the recipient of all the good that God gives, Christian Scientists go forward to prove that no one and no thing can be closer to them in their daily life than God. This knowledge is an ever-present help and a continuous protection from the false beliefs of a material mind that would oppose or resist the true sense of God's universe.

Christian Scientists endeavor to witness to these helpful and provable words from *Science and Health* by Mrs. Eddy (p. 387): "The history of Christianity furnishes sublime proofs of the supporting influence and protecting power bestowed on man by his heavenly Father, omnipotent Mind, who gives man faith and understanding whereby to de-

fend himself, not only from temptation, but from bodily suffering.”

I should like to relate an experience that proved to me that when one understands that man has been endowed with ability and power by his Maker, omnipotent Mind, one is able to defend himself from evil influences and bodily suffering.

Returning home after dark one evening through a park area in the city in which I live, suddenly and without any warning I was accosted by a man who held a gun at my back and told me not to scream. When he made it evident to me that his motive was not robbery but something vicious, a great sense of terror came over me. Immediately, however, I realized that I had to recognize God's presence quickly. I turned to Him with all my heart in prayer and thought something like this: “If there is any such thing as a good God, and I know there is, He can deliver me right here and right now. His power and presence are equal to any emergency, no matter how desperate.”

During these few seconds I was being forced through the bushes in the direction of a river. There was a struggle in which my arm was painfully wrenched, and I sustained wounds on the head.

But the power of the Christ was present and was felt, for the man let go of me and ran off as quickly as he had accosted me.

I went immediately to the apartment of a friend. The police were summoned, and I gave them the details. They seemed to be baffled at my escape. I felt it was wise to ask a Christian Science practitioner for help to quiet my thought. I told her that I felt all right, but that my handbag, containing a small sum of money, house keys, and my driver's license, was missing. She assured me that man, the child of God, cannot be robbed, nor can he possibly lose anything which is really his. All night I clung to this statement from *Science and Health* (p. 302): “It is impossible that man should lose aught that is real, when God is all and eternally his.”

Before morning I had an inspired sense of Christlike compassion for the one who had planned to harm me. I saw clearly that in reality man is a son of God, spiritual, upright, and pure, having no desire or capacity to do harm. Then I knew I had completely forgiven the individual. When this took place, I was instantly healed of the wrenched arm and the two gashes on

my scalp.

I am convinced that my protection and liberation and healing were due to my refusing to entertain in consciousness fear, hate, and condemnation of my assailant, which tried to gain entrance. Love was triumphant. Surely, the truth of these words from II Samuel was gloriously demonstrated (22: 2, 3): "The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer... thou savest me from violence."

As we put into practice the teachings of Christ Jesus and apply the truths given to us by our beloved Leader in her writings, our thought will be spiritualized to the extent that we behold the one creation, which is spiritual,

perfect, and intact and in which there is no evil. We shall then be consciously aware of the security and safety embodied in these reassuring words by Mrs. Eddy in "Miscellaneous Writings," where, speaking of those who receive the heritage from God, she says (p. 152): "Thus founded upon the rock of Christ, when storm and tempest beat against this sure foundation, you, safely sheltered in the strong tower of hope, faith, and love, are God's nestlings; and He will hide you in His feathers till the storm has passed. - Into His haven of Soul there enters no element of earth to cast out angels, to silence the right intuition which guides you safely home."



THERE IS NO DEATH

*There is no death, only a letting go
Of all that binds and limits
In a cramped and narrow place;
Only an opening of the eager wings of spirit,
A kindredship with sun and wind and space.*

*As though the naked spirit, standing on tip-toe,
Reached up and touched the stars,
And quite forgot the bruised feet
And the long, steep climb below.*

—Helen F. Bridgman



THE ONENESS OF MANKIND

Basic Principle of the Bahá'í Faith

More than one hundred years ago Bahá'u'lláh, Founder of the Baha'i World Faith, proclaimed the principle of the oneness of mankind. Among His writings we cite:

"Close your eyes to racial differences and welcome all with the light of oneness."

"Ye are the fruits of one tree and the leaves of one branch...So powerful is the light of unity that it can illumine the whole earth."

"Ye dwell in one world, and have been created through the operation of one Will. Blessed is he who mingleth with all men in a spirit of utmost kindness and love."

"The earth is but one country; and mankind its citizens."

The Bahá'í Faith arose at the beginning of the new stage in human evolution when science and technology are destroying ancient boundaries separating the peoples of the world. Races and nations have become interdependent and subject to one destiny. The Baha'i proclamation of the principle of oneness supplies the spiritual guidance needed for understanding of this great process which is transforming the conditions of human existence. By this principle the Baha'is recognize that God is the Creator of all peoples, and therefore conflict and dissension arising from prejudice is contrary to the Divine Will....

As long ago as 1911, Abdu'l-Bahá, expounding the teachings of Bahá'u'lláh, declared: "This is a new cycle of human power...It is the hour of the unity of the sons of men and of the drawing together of all races and all classes. You are loosed from ancient superstitions which have kept men ignorant, destroying the foundations of true humanity."

In 1931 the Guardian of the Faith wrote: "We have but to turn our gaze to humanity's blood-stained history to realize that nothing short of intense mental as well as physical agony has been able to precipitate those epoch-making changes that constitute the greatest landmarks in the history of human civilization."

—From a statement by the *National Spiritual Assembly of the Baha'is of the United States.*

THE BAHÁ'Í VIEWPOINT

Elsie Cranmer

If, as the followers of the Bahá'í World Faith believe, a Divine Message has again been given to the world, one would think that all the peoples on earth would go mad with joy. Yet, when a new religion is born, this is not the case. The acknowledgment, the acclaim, the worship come afterwards.

The Forerunner of the Faith was a young Persian known as the Báb (the Gate) who in 1844 proclaimed that He was a Prophet of God, and the Herald of One greater than Himself—One who would inaugurate a new era in religion and in civilization. The Báb suffered persecution and imprisonment, and at the age of 31 was executed.... Bahá'u'lláh, Founder of what is now known as the Baha'i World Faith, championed the cause of the Báb. He was imprisoned in the terrible dungeon of Tihiran and later banished to Baghdad. His second banishment was to Constantinople, then Adrianople, and later still, to the penal colony of Akka in Palestine. This exile and imprisonment lasted for just over 40 years. Eventually the severity of the imprisonment was relaxed and He was allowed to reside in a mansion on the plain of Akka. He passed away as recently as 1892.

It was in the dungeon of Tihiran that it was revealed to Bahá'u'lláh that He was to be the Bearer of a new Message to mankind.

He taught that revelation is continuous and that a recognition of the spiritual unity of all the Founders of World Religions is an essential part of religion. At the same time He declared that the social laws must be changed with each Dispensation. This was stated by Jesus (Matthew 9:17), "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved."

The cardinal points of the Bahá'í Faith are as follows: The Oneness of Mankind, the Oneness of Religion, the Independent Investigation of Truth, a World Commonwealth, World Peace, the Relinquishing of all forms of prejudice, a Universal auxiliary Language, Equal status for Men and

Women, the Harmony of Religion and Science, and education and justice for all men.

For the carrying out of Bahá'u'lláh's teachings, an administrative plan has been provided. The Mission of Bahá'u'lláh was to bring into existence a New World Order, a World Administration based upon the Unity of God, His Prophets, and all mankind.

We have given our allegiance to an especial Messenger, a Krishna, a Moses, Jesus, Zoroaster, Muhammad, Buddha, and until comparatively recently have looked upon all Prophets other than our own in the nature of so many rivals rather than, as Bahá'u'lláh teaches, partners in one great universal Plan of God. We have all had a secret hope that our particular Manifestation (i.e., He who manifests God) will return and rule the world, not realizing that the followers of other religions cherish the same hope.

All religions are in essence, one. They differ only, "in the intensity of their Light" and this is because the Message of God is given in accordance with the needs of the age. The sun rises at different points on the horizon but it is always the same sun.

**"Address yourselves to the promotion of the well-being and tranquillity of the children of men. Bend your minds and wills to the education of the peoples and kindreds of the earth, that haply the dissensions that divide it may, through the power of the Most Great Name, be blotted out from its face, and all mankind become the upholders of one Order, and the inhabitants of one City."*

Bahá'u'lláh, who endured so much because of His great Love for all created things, testified, "We verily have not fallen short of Our duty to exhort men, and to deliver that whereunto I was bidden by God, the Almighty, the All-Praised. Had they hearkened unto Me they would have beheld the earth another earth...My signs have encompassed the earth, and My power enveloped all mankind, and yet the people are wrapped in a strange sleep."

Arnold Toynbee wrote: "My opinion is that Bahaism is...on a par with Islam, Christianity and the other recognized religions." (1959)

—In FORUM, June 1960

**Gleanings of Bahá'u'lláh*, Bahá'í Publishing Trust.

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

Janet Hackney

WHATEVER OUR AIMS in life or whether we will admit it or not, there is one thing we would all love to have. That is the power of prayer. It is the most wonderful thing in the world if used in the right way. Yet it is ours if we do honestly seek HIS will. One of the most difficult things in life is to seek His will and give up self. We live with ourselves twenty-four hours a day whether we like ourselves or not and most of us like ourselves all too well. There are times in our lives when we unselfishly desire this power of prayer to use for others, but most of the time we want it for our own selfish desires. Yet, if we truly love God it is there for us at all times. And if we honestly love God and wait for His good, everything will fall into a beautiful design for living.

Now is a good time to pray. Now is a good time to turn to God. Never in the history of the world has there been such a golden opportunity to do good for others or such unlimited opportunities for producing spiritual power.

What are we doing with it?

I have prayed at night and during the night, upon awakening in the morning, said grace at the table and had a private devotional period in the mid-morning, met with prayer groups and interrupted my housework because I felt the urgent need to be close to God for a few minutes. But when things go completely wrong, I have begged and pleaded with God and told Him how He should manage things when I couldn't manage them at all. I have had answers to prayers that came in the midst of forgetting all about the problem and sometimes we forget all about God and just remember the problem. I have had almost verbal answers when I was praying urgently and I have had wonderful moments of feeling I was in the very presence of the Holy Spirit when I was just thanking God for answered prayers. *Prayer is survival power.* Most of the time the answers are so simple that I wondered why I couldn't work that one out all by myself without bothering God about it at all. Someone has wisely said that no prayer goes unheard, but sometimes they are filed in

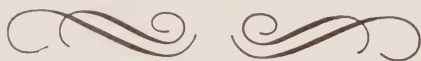
Heaven to wait until the petitioner is ready for the answer.

If someone you love has an unpleasant habit, I can't promise you God will heal that person of that hateful habit, because God will not override personality. Each must ask for his own good. But He will give you the strength to adjust to that problem and live with it without lowering your own standards. He will help you to use the problem for your own spiritual growth. It is the way we handle our problems that gives us character. How did St. Paul handle his problems? In one of his letters he tells us to pray fervently. He didn't mean we could change God's mind, but that we can get ourselves in tune with Him so that He can do something for us (or open a channel for His good to come to us). We can ask for wisdom and strength to resist our temptations when they come. And make no mistake about it—they will come. We have Paul's word for it that

three times he asked God to remove the "thorn" from his side. God didn't remove the thorn but He gave Paul the courage to live with it. Paul wrote more than any other writer of the Christian faith, but he never found time to write what the thorn was. And according to tradition, the thorn didn't cause his death.

Yes, sometimes God's answer is no. It isn't easy for us to say no to a loved one and it isn't easy for us to accept no for an answer. But how often it is the right answer and we often live to see that it is, if we accept it wholeheartedly and go on to fresh ideas and a new beginning. Let us pray:

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that Thou art no hard taskmaster, expecting more from us than we are willing to give. Give us the courage to ask that Thy will be done in our lives. Keep our minds and hearts ever open to Thee that we may change ourselves. Amen.



*Better to do a kindness near at home
Than walk a thousand miles
To burn incense.*

—Confucius

THE SORCERER OF MOROCCO

Mark Halpern

AMONG THE GREAT MAGICIANS of ancient days, there was one called Benazar, who lived in Morocco. Most of the stories regarding his marvelous feats of magic had to do with his large menagerie. It was rumored that all his wonderful specimens of wild beasts had at one time been human beings. His panthers, especially, were held to be the most beautiful to be found anywhere on earth. Their sleek feline bodies were fashioned in perfect symmetry and moved softly in matchless grace and rhythm.

Now, it happened that among the young unmarried women of Morocco, the most beautiful were the two daughters of the rich merchant Imahd. The elder was called Rava, and the younger Semarah. One of the many suitors who visited the home of the prosperous merchant, was a valiant young seafighter, Abbar by name. Always, when the two sisters were present, his ardent dark eyes would linger on the person of Semarah, the younger one.

But Rava, the elder sister, had determined that Abbar would choose her for his wife. Seeing that apparently he had eyes only for Semarah, Rava's jealousy knew no bounds. She did her best to keep it from being seen by the others. But in the very effort at concealment, she only added fuel to its fires; until she felt as though she were being consumed inwardly.

Unable to go on enduring her chagrin at being ignored by the handsome Abbar, she began absenting herself whenever he visited at their home on his return from triumphant sea expeditions. Thus it happened, on one such occasion, that Abbar and Semarah found themselves together one afternoon in the spacious garden of the merchant's home.

His ardor heightened by the intoxicating perfume of roses, Abbar wasted no words. "At last I can speak of my love for thee, Semarah. But surely thou must have known of it from the first moment I looked upon thee."

"Yes, Abbar, I have known of thy love. My heart read the message thine eyes had for me. But it cannot be—we

must think of Rava."

"Rava?" 'Tis thee my heart hungers for—not Rava."

"And yet, she loves thee, Abbar, with her whole being. Thou hast made her unhappy—by thine indifference toward her. Not that she has told me—for she tries to hide her grief from me. But it is not easy for two sisters living under the same roof to veil their true feelings from each other."

"But it is thou I love, Semarah—I cannot pretend to love Rava—not even to banish her unhappiness."

"And yet, Abbar, thou knowest that Rava is very beautiful, far more lovely than I. Besides, she is more accomplished in music and in dancing—and no woman in Morocco dresses with more elegant taste. If only thou wouldst observe her more, surely thou wouldst fall in love with her."

"Then—then thou dost not love me, Semarah? Thou wouldst rather I marry Rava?"

"I do love thee, Abbar. But I also love Rava—and I could not be happy if I made her life miserable. Rava is deeply sensitive and easily wounded. Sometimes I fear for her when I catch the signs of inner suffering in her eyes. If she ever did anything desperate because of our love, I could never forgive myself. No, Abbar, it cannot be."

While Semarah and Abbar were conversing in the garden, Rava, who had returned from a social visit, had been watching them behind the curtains of her bedchamber. She could control herself no longer. Not only was she jealous of her sister, but she felt that she hated her as she hated no one else in the world.

It was then Rava bethought herself of Benazar, the Sorcerer of Morocco. Immediately she turned away from the window and hurried to her jewel caskets. Opening the caskets with trembling fingers, she poured out their flashing gems on a silken kerchief in her lap, until there was a small heap of precious stones. Then she tied the corners of the kerchief.

An hour later, she was seated before the old sorcerer, watching him as he scrutinized the flashing gems she had

given him. His dark eyes gleamed with an unholy satisfaction from out the ancient hoariness of his flowing hair and beard. Finally he spoke:

"It is a bargain, my lovely one, I would not agree to it, were it not that I have need for one more panther in my menagerie. Aye—it is good. I shall have my panther—and thou, this little bottle of my magic portion. Thou seest it is the color of milk—it tastes the same. A few drops of it, and thy lovely sister will no longer be thy rival for the affections of Abbar."

Early the following morning, Rava hurried down to the kitchen with her phial of the magic portion. But her sister Semarah was already there, busying herself with baking delicacies for the family. "Since when art thou the cook, Semarah? Our father will not like it when he is told that thou hast taken upon thyself the duties of our servants."

"I have already told him, Rava. He knows how much I enjoy baking sweets—and he has granted me permission."

Rava bit her lip impatiently. Clapsed tightly in her hand was the phial. But she could see that Semarah would be there well into the morning, and there would be no chance to pour the potion into her sister's milk, without being detected.

Then a daring idea flashed into her mind. She stepped forward and held out the phial.

"What is that, Rava?"

"A magic beauty-portion from Benazar the sorcerer. He has told me that the woman who drinks it will become so beautiful as to be irresistible to any man. Here—it is my gift to thee. I want Abbar to find thee so enchanting that he will never rest until thou art his own." And placing the phial on the table beside Semarah, Rava hastened out of the room.

Left alone, Semarah took up the phial and gazed at it thoughtfully. Then her face lit up, as she murmured to herself: "I will use it in this date tart I am making for Rava. She will eat it, and become so lovely that Abbar must choose her. Poor Rava—I will yet see the unhappiness

banished from her eyes."

Later, when they all were seated at the table, Rava noticed the tart placed in front of her.

Semarah was smiling encouragingly. "It is thy favorite, Rava—I baked it for thee."

"But why is it so pale? Always it is quite brown."

Semarah bowed her head guiltily, her cheeks flushing.

"Forgive me, Rava—that potion."

With a shriek of terror, Rava jumped to her feet, much to the astonishment of her father and Semarah. "Nay—thou art lying! Say thou art lying!"

Bewildered, Semarah shook her head. "I—I wanted thee to have it, Rava. I want thee to be chosen by Abbar, for his wife."

Snatching up the tart and breaking it into bits, Rava ran into the kitchen and threw the pieces into the fire. Then she returned, sank into her chair, and sat there stunned. Gazing across the table at Semarah, it seemed to her that she was beginning to see her sister for the first time. Semarah...how gentle and guileless was her sweet face....

Rava shuddered as she thought of the dreadful fate her jealousy had almost brought upon herself—and upon her devoted loving sister. The venomous thing within her heart seemed to melt in a healing flood of love that washed away the thick veil of selfishness that she had created between them. Finally, she spoke:

"No, dear Semarah—not I, but thou shalt be the wife of Abbar. I no longer seem to care for him the way I once did. I have been restless too long. Marry thou Abbar, and I shall take the next galley for Spain to visit our aunt. The wind and sea will do me good...."

* * *

JEALOUSY is synonymous with egoism. It has undoubtedly caused more unhappiness than any other of the negative and selfish human traits. It feeds on the ignorance of separativeness. It is "the jaundice of the soul," as John Dryden puts it. It dies in the golden aura of compassionate with All.

—From his JEWELS FROM A TEMPLE

SOME THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY

Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas

Not long ago a distinguished religious educator, after lecturing across the nation to ministerial and student groups, said he was disturbed by the doubt and confusion he found concerning belief in the survival of the soul beyond the grave.

This reminded me of certain bewildering contacts I have had in recent years. For example, during the questioning of three candidates by church councils at ordination services, two expressed confusion and doubt, and one, angry denial, concerning the survival of the soul beyond death.

These young men were graduates of schools of theology. Their confusion concerning one of the vital and major Christian beliefs made one wonder what kind of guidance they had had in the lecture room, and what kind of guidance they would give, in turn, to the hungry-souled people of their parishes.

One of the candidates mentioned solved his problem by leaving the active ministry for a position in a college. Another left preaching for secular salesmanship. And two of the professors who had helped instruct these young

men went about, as opportunity was given them, declaring that "immortality of influence" is the logical substitute for belief in survival of the soul. Later, I found it depressing to face the results of such teaching.

One talented woman in an influential city church said to me: "I confess that I myself do not know what to think about survival, but one thing I know, 'The immortality of influence' these men talk about is not immortality at all." An elderly pastor with a volatile temperament fell under the charm of one of these professors, and to the consternation of some of his parishioners insisted that there is no life beyond death; that at death "we will be as dead as a buried cow," no life beyond.

One member of his church, a retired missionary, was so disturbed and pained that she came to me in her perplexity. I suggested that she cling to the faith in which she had been reared, unless she found something better. I learned later that her pastor switched back to his forsaken beliefs, then wanted everybody to agree with him at once!

The young preacher who got

so angry at his ordination suddenly appeared at my door one day with a lengthy typed manuscript entitled, "Objective or Social Immortality." He asked earnestly that I read it and give him my candid opinion. Since we were good friends, I readily consented. In his thesis he contended that our *influence* is all that survives death. I was glad for this opportunity to review and rethink my own convictions on survival, and I got busy. His thesis was over 7,000 words long. I came up with a reply over 5,000 words long. We were both deeply serious.

He stated that his aim was to follow strictly the method that depends on "observation and objective experience." I replied that his method was good as far as it went, but that he unnecessarily limited himself by excluding "subjective experience," which is as real and vital as "objective experience," and far more germane to the issues and facts involved. That is, for the problem before us his method was incomplete and inadequate.

I agreed that as social selves we are to a great degree the product of objective influences, but I had to insist that his method of

excluding subjective experience came near to committing metaphysical suicide, because he ignored the fact and meaning of consciousness, a subjective fact. I quoted one of the most brilliant of my teachers: "In ourselves as nowhere else we come in contact with reality." That is, it is the knowing and active self that is real. I added the word of a prominent British philosopher: "Inexplicable as man's personal agency is—nay the one perpetual miracle—it is nevertheless our surest datum and our only clue to the meaning of existence."

I objected that our cosmos provides no proper arena for the immortality of influence, for every astronomer now tells us that our earth as a scene for life is doomed. Radiation of heat will eventually cause the earth to freeze solid, or more likely, the heat from an atomic convulsion in the sun will fry our earth to a crisp. All human history and "influence" will then come to an end because limited to time. Thus, in the total human situation, the denial of ultimate survival robs the cosmos and man of real meaning.

What survives death? My friend stated that the proper,

"frame of reference" in thinking is change. I agreed that everything on the earth, in the earth, in the solar system and in the universes does change, but all is not chaotic since the proper frame of reference is not change but that which gives continuity in the midst of change. This agent of continuity is the self. The agent of continuity in the total universe is the selfhood of God. Our ideas of God change as we learn more of him and his creation, but God himself does not change, since we think of him as the embodiment of infinite perfection and completion.

The agent of continuity in the flux of experience, the core of personality, the real self, the abiding knowing and active agent, survives death because created in the image of God, who is eternal. *Thus the ground of belief in survival is what we are in the light of what God, our Creator, is.* We are children of the eternal God. True, as Paul wrote, we have this treasure in earthen vessels. They chip and crack. However imperfect a man may seem in his human frailty, it is fortunate that God, not we, is the final judge. Every man has something of a divine inheritance. Every

man is a child of the King.

Every man is the product both of forces that impinge upon him from the outside—the social influences—and also the forces that operate upon him from the inside through reason, faith and *prayer*. Within him is the inherited spark of the divine that no man, however evil, can completely quench, since the divine is of eternity, and not merely of time. Because eternal, the divine in man is indestructible, however faint the spark seems at times. *We live in the Eternal Now*—in "two worlds."

True, as we see the procession of human beings approach the moment of death, they appear unequal in the abundance or the poverty of spirit as they leave earth. The old-timers used to speak of the "abundant entrance" of the saint. But no man can prove that it is possible for even the "vilest sinner" to destroy completely the spark of divinity he has inherited as a child of God. And we need not doubt that this spark in each case may be fanned into a glorious flame amid the new opportunity to be given beyond the grave.

I think that what we have just considered gives help in confronting the problem

of evil, the worst of all the problems that the man of reason and compassion has to face. The history of evil is terrible. Billions upon billions of people, born into a world they did not choose, have never had opportunity to rise above the meager amenities of bare existence. Blackest of all is the record of the inhumanity of man to man. The cruelties of past history and of present history are incredible to a mind sensitive to justice, kindness and humanness. A discussion of "social immortality" that does not take full account of the devastation of evil in the human situation and provide a cure, is woefully inadequate. I had to tell my friend that I had read his essay through three times to see if he showed any concern for the myriad victims of cruelty in the past, and that I could not find such concern.

Reason says that there ought to be a solution to the problem of evil. Faith says there is a solution. Faith says that the greatest concept in the history of thought is the conviction that God is good, just and merciful. We know these virtues to be real, for we see them demonstrated in the best of men.

We cannot think that God, our Creator can be less than man at his highest. We reason well when we confidently assert that God is wholly adequate, for he is infinitely good, merciful and righteous.

If God's plan for earth has not proved to be wholly adequate, he will provide such a plan. *God has made ample provision.* The needs of frail humanity require continuity of life beyond the grave so that all hurts may be healed and the promise of life be fulfilled. Not that death itself is a cure. There is no absolution in death. The cure can come only by God's completing humanity, only through cooperation between the human agent and the Divine Agent. Time has proved to be too short for the solution of all the problems of mankind and so God has given us the opportunities of survival. It is only in the fully adequate opportunities which God generously provides for the complete satisfaction of all the needs of man that we find the true meaning both of human life and its complex environment. In the words of the poet, "*man has forever.*"

NOTICES and COMMENTS

NEW CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. One of our warmest and most helpful supporters in the past year has been Mrs. Carla Patsuris of New York City. Several of her outstanding poems have appeared in recent issues. In addition she has brought a number of new subscribers to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER and has been of assistance in distributing extra copies of each issue, here and abroad. Mrs. Patsuris has a wide and varied background. She is a radio and television artist, a weekly newspaper columnist and writer for many publications, a lecturer and private consultant. Some months ago she wrote a most encouraging and sympathetic column about FIP in the weekly Hawthorne, N. J., *Press*, for which we were most grateful. We are pleased to report that she has accepted our invitation to join our ranks officially as a Contributing Editor. Readers may expect more of her fine poetry and prose regularly in forthcoming issues.

WORLD FAITHS IN THIS ISSUE. We are happy to present in this number a special section on the Baha'i World Faith on page 17; and on page 14 an article representative of the Christian Science religion, the source for which was kindly furnished us by Mrs. W. T. Breckenridge of Laconia, N. H. It is interesting to note that both these influential movements were founded within a few years of each other in the latter part of the 19th Century. A number of members of each are also subscribers to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, finding in our work a meeting-ground between adherents of any and all faiths who believe in God, the advancement of Truth, and the power of prayer. Inclusion of articles interpreting various phases of the great world religions is, of course, one of our fundamental objectives and is an aspect of our work that our regular readers have come to expect... This issue also contains Swami Ritajananda's superb biographical essay on the life and teachings of one of humanity's supreme personalities, Gautama Buddha. In this instance a Hindu writes reverently and with illumination about the founder of Buddhism. Readers may recall a similar treatment of the life and teachings of Jesus which Swami Ritajananda wrote

in December 1958, entitled 'Thoughts on a God-Man'. It is gratifying to have him with us again after an absence of some months.

CONTRIBUTORS. Two of our regular Contributing Editors, Mildred Long and Rev. Roy Wallace Thomas, appear in this number with what seems to us two of their very best articles. Miss Long's 'Prayer in My Garden' is distinguished by its succinct style and illustrative character, while Rev. Thomas' 'Some Thoughts on Immortality' is outstanding for the force and intensity of its thought content as it appraises a delicate and highly relevant subject of our time. We offer our congratulations to both for surpassing even their usual high standard of writing.... The names of two new writers occur in this June number, and both have promised us more material for publication in the near future. They are Mrs. Eleanor Stark of Boston, Mass., a gifted artist as well as writer, and Mr. Albert V. Danielsen of Wellesley Hills, Mass., an outstanding businessman. Mrs. Stark's moving 'Letter from the North' appears on page 8, and we are grateful for her permission to quote it for the benefit of our readers. Mr. Danielsen's forceful statement of the 'Power of Religion', on page 1, is drawn from an address he gave three years ago before the Unitarian Laymen's League in Arlington, Mass., called 'Religion and Healing'. We extend to him our gratitude for permission to quote some significant extracts.... We hope to present more of the work of one or both of these friends in the next issue of the publication.

FIP BOARD MEETING. The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc., originally scheduled for February 1 was postponed as some members were unable to attend. Finally the Board met briefly on Thursday, June 8 at the office of Fellowship in Prayer. Among the resolutions passed may be mentioned one expressing the Trustees' unanimous appreciation of the extraordinarily heartwarming, voluntary work carried by Miss B. Flora Horton in the office; and of the keen interest and generous cooperation shown by the staff of Dynamic Litho Press, Inc., in making our Tenth Anniversary Issue so beautiful, about which we have received many encouraging comments.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year at the rate of \$3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies. Back copies also available. For circulation purposes up to three copies of an issue will be sent to any regular subscriber upon request.

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FAITH

*The first faint silver footprint of the dawn
That falls upon the night-born hour of grief,
Is Faith that gives us courage to go on,
It is the measure of our deep belief.
The curling emerald leaf-bud on a tree,
The spire of grass that points to vaults of blue,
Is Faith that Spring will come to break us free
From tombs of death, eternal life in view.
The turning of the ebb and flow of tide,
When moon and sea their strange communion spend,
Is like the human heart where thoughts abide
That Faith is boundless without time or end.
This is the power guiding man each day
Eternal God provides in loving way.*

--Zelma Dennis



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